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FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1919.

Borah's Warning.

Boies Penrose and his fellow reactionaries will do well to heed the warning of Senator Borah. Rarely has an issue been more succinctly stated. It is not a sensational political rallying cry; there is nothing of the "Onward, Christian Soldiers" crusading spirit of the Progressives of 1912 in it. It is a matter of cold economics which threatens to bring about a new cleavage between the two wings of the Republican party.

Taxation is the issue between the Bourbons and the Liberals in this country, as in Europe. It may be a masked issue, but it is becoming more acute every day. Are the rich or the working classes to pay for the war? Are we to saddle the whole population with its heaviest burden, or shall those who have, particularly the "excess profits" classes, the profiteers and the patrioters, be forced to disgorge?

The Penrose crowd naturally wants to swing the country away from the income tax, the inheritance taxes and direct taxation generally, and bring it under the genial old rule of a high protective tariff. The tariff, plus bond issues conveniently distributed for the burdening of future generations, is the tocsin.

Progressives generally want the rich to pay through the direct levy. They know that the wealth of the nation is squirming angrily under the terms of the graduated income tax, but believe that the burden is placed exactly where it should be placed, and are determined that it shall stay where it is now. In that position they have the full support and approval of practically every economist of standing in the United States.

We repeat that there is no more vital issue before the country than this—that there is no issue upon which the Progressives could better afford to "make a fight to the death," even if their action disrupts the party.

The Democratic party has made a big mistake in the so-called "luxury" taxes—they are an unqualified nuisance, placing a premium upon dishonesty. But the balance of its taxation program should be maintained. They may be some mistakes in it; doubtless there are many. But any attempt to throw out the income and inheritance taxes and to return to the easy-going, loose-thinking, laissez faire days of a high protective tariff—so that the monied interests may blur the whole point of the taxation issue—should be fought to the last by Progressives and Democrats alike.

Of course, a protective tariff would have no show of becoming law as long as President Wilson remains in the White House. But the commitment of the Republican party to high protection in the present Congress will be a political blunder of the biggest magnitude.

Uncle Sam, This Is a Matter for You to Attend to Immediately.

Some day, it was recently announced, the government is going to provide money for a national leprosy. Then, John R. Early will have home and medical attention until the dread leprosy has killed him.

But in the meantime, Early must be shunted from State to State, from a leper's home to an isolated shack, because no State feels it should bear the burden of caring for this leper.

Some time ago, Early was confined in a shack on the outskirts of this city. The city treated sick dogs better than it did this human being afflicted with the disease which rots the flesh away. Naturally, the poor doomed man didn't like it. He ran away. But there was no place for him to go. No man's home was open to him. Villages and cities drove him out when he appeared. Finally he came to New Orleans. There is a Leper Home, supported by Louisiana, for the few lepers of that State. Here Early was taken in, fed, clothed and given what treatment physicians can give.

And now the Louisiana authorities have asked the District of Columbia to pay for Early's care and maintenance. The District refuses, claiming that Early was a resident of North Carolina when he enlisted in the Spanish-American war.

North Carolina refuses to pay because Early has not lived in that State for many years.

The United States government doesn't pay because Congress refuses to provide a national leprosy. It is a matter for the United States government, not for any city, or any one State. Early was a soldier of the United States. He fought for the whole country, not only for North Carolina, the District of Columbia, or Louisiana. While fighting for the United States in the Philippines he contracted leprosy, for which there is no cure.

Obviously it is the nation's duty to provide for John R. Early down to the last minute of his life, and to take good care of his dependents. This must be done at once. Congress should pay the Louisiana Leper Home for Early's maintenance until a national leprosy is built.

Early would never have been a leper had he not been brave enough to enlist to fight our battles. For years he has waited for us to do our duty. Let us do it now!

The Washington Herald's Poet

Today Rhymes on

THE UNREGENERATE.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Oliver Joy was a brother of a boy;
So was his chum, Eddie Kayshun.
"Ollie," said Eddie, "we're just getting ready
For life and its every relation.
We've got to have knowledge,
For high school, for college—
"Chop it," said Ollie, "I'm aching to play;
The world is a-shine with a beau-chi-mous day."

Ollie got through with an honor or two;
So did his friend Eddie Kayshun.
Oliver Joy hired an office and boy;
Ed took a post-graduation.
"Ollie," said Eddie, "we're just getting ready
For life and our ultimate station.
I'm preparing a thesis
On 'Life's Exegesis'
"Cut it," cried Ollie, "or let it go hang;
Life is for living. Let's mix with the gang."

Oliver J. went his hard-headed way;
So did his friend Eddie Kayshun.
Many years passed, but it happened, at last,
They met at a class celebration.
"Ollie," said Eddie, "I'm just getting ready
To enter the family relation.
I've found me a woman
Of brains and acumen—
"Go it," said Ollie, "my babies are grown
And each has a husky or two of his own."

Ollie lay dead on his four-poster bed;
So did his friend Eddie Kayshun.
Ollie had died without asking a guide;
Ed, after much preparation,
"Ollie," said Eddie, "you should have been ready,
And needed my long obituration—
"Chuck it," said Ollie, "I haven't a dime;
I'm dead, but I sure had one heavenly time!"
(Copyright, 1919.)

NEW YORK

DAY BY DAY

THURSDAY

NEW YORK, May 29—Thoughts while watching the Broadway crowds:

Fellow in a tan suit is Terry Ramsey. He's the press agent who had Charlie Chaplin married in every city in America once. Think I'll begin going to the movies again. Like to see Theda Bara. Always fighting for her honor. Must see her again. She can't always win.

The Ways sisters from the Winter Garden. Snappy dresses on and off. Wonder what they pay them. Owen Winter, the novelist. Seems to be taking notes. Fellow whose neck is beginning to blouse over his collar made a pile in munitions. Heard he was eating oysters in the Crystal Room the other day with a spoon.

Everybody leaving for the country. Cut out the vigor of New York summer weather. Bunk stuff! Bunk stuff! There's Adelaide, the dancer. Best of them all, I think. If she'd lobbed her hair or packed a marmoset she might have been known better. Sounds catty. But true.

That cop again. Hope he doesn't hand me a summons. Think my dog was a man-eating lion. Wouldn't bite a flea. Reminds me. What was that flea poem? Oh, yes, this is it: A little flea sat on a rock. Making a miserable sound. He didn't know what to do with himself.

There being no dog around. Al Woods back from Europe. Ben Atwell in a white fuzzy hat. Irvin Cobb and Chas. Seiler. Talking over their movie stunt. I reckon. Funny line of Cobb's when he saw the crown prince. Said he had so many medals he made John Phillip Sousa look nude. Comes under the name of "I'll slide in this drug store and go out the back way. Come along, you loped-up pup."

Two little shop girls chattered down Fifth avenue, laden with bundles quite obviously purchased at the five and ten cent store that now jostles its more aristocratic neighbors across from the Public Library on the once exclusive thoroughfare.

"Isn't it fine," said one in soiled white topped boots, "to be able to buy something on Fifth avenue? All my life I've wondered what it would feel like."

"That's me all over," said one in a faded green tam. "It is just too grand for words to buy things on Fifth avenue. And I've got a few of the social snobs along the avenue could have that little glimpse of unaffected human nature they would feel resigned to the red and gold of the big five and ten cent store."

Suddenly the department stores and places dealing in gas heaters found a sudden run on these articles of merchandise. Hurry up orders to the manufacturers found them working overtime with orders. A New York psychologist was called in because the situation was so strongly odd. No cold weather in eight. Most people use electricity in Gotham. And then the real fact came out. The gas heaters have come that are indispensable in operating a private little still. July 1 is only a few weeks away. And so there you are.

A jazzy little watering place has been opened up down on the south shore of Long Island. Four bathers may order cocktails brought out to sea to them by Japanese servants in bathing costumes.

WAR'S GREATEST HERO GETS FIRST MANICURE

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 29.—Serg. Alvin C. York, "the war's greatest hero," today received his first manicure and shampoo since arriving in the United States just before delivering an address to a crowd in the lobby of a local hotel here.

York declared "the glory of the victory was God's." He stated the American army was the most devout of all the armies in the conflict.

He was the guest of the Chattanooga Rotary Club at a luncheon.

Says Georgia Can Earn 12 Millions by Good Roads

Atlanta, Ga., May 29.—A state-wide system of good roads, which could be completed in five years, would earn the people of Georgia \$12,000,000 in twenty years, declared L. J. Henderson, president of the Georgia Highway Association, at the fifth annual convention of the Association of County Commissioners of Georgia, which opened here today.

Two hundred officials, representing eighty Georgia counties, are attending the convention, which will adjourn tomorrow.

One Press Bureau for Department Is Urged

Concentration of all government publicity through the Department of Commerce is proposed in a bill introduced yesterday by Senator Cummins, Iowa.

It would create a bureau of publicity in the Commerce Department which would take over the work of the various departmental publicity bureaus. The bureau would also co-operate with advertising associations to improve advertising ethics and to foster honest advertising in general.

News by Airplane If Key-Pounders Quit

Toronto, May 29.—News of the world's happenings is to be brought here by airplane from Buffalo, in the event of telegraph operators joining the ranks of strikers in Canada.

Toronto newspapers completed arrangements today for securing news by the air route, instead of having it clicked over telegraph wires.

The emergency method is expected to prove more cumbersome and less sure than the old, but it will serve to get papers on the street on time, publishers claim.

Pupil, 31, Called Slacker.

Portland, Maine, May 29.—Charles W. Baker, 31, still a high school junior, accused George Emery, 30, a civil war veteran, of calling him a slacker. The court dismissed the case.

Oil Company to Build Ships.

Savannah, Ga., May 29.—The Foundation Shipbuilding Corporation has sold its plant to the Standard Oil Company, according to persistent and well authenticated rumors. It is stated the oil company will remodel the plant to build oil tankers.

"SCHOOL DAYS"

Four hundred dollars you don't get him



The scarlet lure

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

Sergt. York has shown the world that it isn't necessary to be a commissioned officer in order for a good soldier to get his picture in the papers.—Boston Transcript.

In framing German philosophy Hegel wrote: "The greatest freedom lies in the greatest obedience." Sure, and now it's a case of obey the peace terms or starve.—Detroit Free Press.

Of course, not one in a thousand of those excited Germans has read the report, yesterday was named their leaders tell of its terrible monstrosities in their hectic speeches.—Kansas City Journal.

After the flight across the ocean will come the flight around the world.—Charleston News and Courier.

Oregon is holding its annual "strawberry carnival." Probably they don't cost 50 cents a basket out there.—New York Evening Sun.

St. Johnsbury, Caladonian springs the question whether a piano is furniture or a musical instrument. Depends on who is playing.—Buffalo Times.

Judging by the amount of difficulty Japan evinces in letting go of it, Kiou-Chau must be something in the nature of sticky flypaper.—Boston Transcript.

Do the Dutch imagine they have an asset in the possession of Wilhelm?—New York Evening Sun.

About the only German we know to whom the truth comes easy is Max Harden.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

After Reed's feat, that old story of crossing the ocean in "two jumps" is bound to lose much of its point.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

U. S. Navigation Laws Subject to Revision

President P. A. S. Franklin, of the International Mercantile Marine Corporation, yesterday was named chairman of a committee, appointed by the Shipping Board, to frame recommendations for revision of American navigation laws to be forwarded to Congress.

Changes contemplated in the navigation laws have to do with measurement of vessels, revision of rules regarding standardization and construction inspection.

Bill Would Destroy All Liquor Seized in D. C.

Destruction of all liquor to be seized in the enforcement of the prohibition laws, unless the government needs it for medicinal or experimental purposes, is provided in a bill Representative Webb, North Carolina, introduced in the House yesterday.

The bill authorizes officials to destroy the liquor thirty days after the conviction of the person from whom it was seized.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.



Professor Seeks Place Near Sun, Via Airplane

Science tried yesterday to shorten the distance to the sun.

Prof. David Todd, of Amherst College, flew in a navy seaplane from a steamer off the South American coast, to photograph an eclipse of the sun. Navy aviators were to take him to the highest possible altitude, where he could photograph various phases of the eclipse.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

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MEMORIAL DAY. For them that died that men might be Forever and forever free This is the Day of Memory.

Fair Nature's self devotes her powers And all her lovely sunny hours To spreading o'er them fragrant flowers.

Where there shall fall a drop of rain 'Tis but the tear to prove their pain And sacrifices were not in vain.

And if the skies shall be all blue Their azure is the flawless hue That stands for Honor tried and true.

Who's Who in Our City



FRED E. CHAPIN.

Frederick Emmons Chapin is a successful lawyer, but he admits that his knowledge of Blackstone's commentaries avail him naught when the question of securing his son's release from the army is at stake. He is mighty proud of it.

Mr. Chapin is also proud of his ancestry. He was born at Crittenden, New York, in 1860, of parents whose ancestors rendered gallant services in the Revolutionary War.

John Hart, of New Jersey, a direct ancestor on his mother's side, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

After completing his preparatory education in the schools of Livingston County, New York, he entered the law school of Columbia University, now George Washington.

He graduated in 1888 and was admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court in 1894.

From 1885 to 1891 he was successively private secretary to Senator Joseph P. Hawley of Connecticut, secretary of the United States Supreme Court, and secretary and law clerk to Justice Brown.

During the recess of the Senate in 1891 and 1892 he was engaged in newspaper work for the New York Tribune, contributing a series of letters on industrial conditions in Connecticut incident to the McKinley tariff bill.

Mr. Chapin, of course, believes in suffrage for the District of Columbia. He is a member of the Loyal Legion, Metropolitan Club, Chevy Chase Club, New York, and the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York. He is also a member of the Board of Trade. His daughter, Marcia, has just graduated from the Dobbs Ferry School.

Cuba Would Send Her Students to West Point

Cuba asks Congress to permit her to send students to West Point Military Academy in a petition offered through the Cuban Minister in Washington to the Senate.

Acting Secretary of State Polk forwarded the request with the approval of Secretary of War Baker.

Airplanes Frighten Chickens.

Kansas City, Mo., May 29.—Chickens are not used to high fliers. Suburbanites complain the noise from passing airplanes frightens their hens so they won't lay.

Three Black "Birds" in Court.

Georgetown, Del., May 29.—Three "birds" appeared before a magistrate here today. Sally Sparrow and Ruby Robin confessed theft of jewelry and were bailed out by William Wren, all colored.

WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

Dealer in Antiques—"Here, sir, is a rare old revolver that was carried by Christopher Columbus." Customer—"What? Why, revolvers were not invented in Columbus' time!" Dealer—"I know. That's what makes this one so rare."—Boston Transcript.

"Has life in the military camp done your husband any good?" "He's a different man, my dear. He sweeps the floor, washes the dishes and peels the potatoes without a word."—Browning's Magazine.

Customer—By Jove, I am glad to see you back. Has the strike been settled?

Customer—Oh, come now! Where have you been since you took my order?—Stray Stories.

Nodd—Do you mean to say that your wife has been all this time teaching you how to drive your car and you haven't learned yet?

Todd—Well, it isn't my fault. Just as I begin to learn how, she explains it all over again.—Judge.

"Doctor," said the notorious tightwad, "do you think you can get this tooth out without causing a shock to my nervous system?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the dentist, dryly. "It will cost you a dollar."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Percy (after the proposal)—"Have you ever loved before?" Edith—"No, Percy. I have often admired men for their strength, courage, beauty, intelligence or something like that, you know; but with you, Percy, it is love—nothing else."—Daily News.

"I thought Jess was going to marry old Gotrox." "She was, but she broke off the engagement." "What for?" "When she accepted him he told her he had put new life in him."—Boston Transcript.

"How's the new cook?" "Extremely lazy." "Well, if she's too lazy to hunt another one, maybe things won't turn out so badly."—Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Gramercy—"The Natchez have turned over a new leaf, and are apparently a very happy couple." Mrs. Park—"Their new cook said she wouldn't stay unless they stopped quarreling all the time."—Life.

"Why don't you get out and bustle?" Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity before the Count taken dark, boss," replied Rastus; "I've lost four wives that way."—People's Home Journal.

WOMEN TOLD THRIFT IS NATION'S SALVATION

Asheville, N. C., May 29.—The lesson of thrift learned by America during the war must be preserved and handed down by American women. Association Director O. C. Lester of the Savings Division of the Treasury Department, declared today before the Congress of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in session here.

This, he declared, could best be effected through purchase of saving stamps—the best investment for the small investor.

"Until one has removed his financial shackles," said Lester, "he cannot rise to the full advantage of a citizen. He lacks confidence to accept responsibility. He lacks courage to plan for the future. He lacks means to take advantage of opportunity."

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'Round the Town

With CAPT. J. WALTER MITCHELL

Washington's Old Curiosity Shop.

Down on Pennsylvania where the weeping goddess of the Peace Monument stands as a pathetic sentinel over the entrance to west Capitol Park, there is a quaint and curious shop, conducted by the lads and lassies of the Salvation Army.

The "Sal" have a colony of buildings on Pennsylvania avenue between First and Second streets northwest, devoted to various purposes.

The particular building I refer to is numbered 121. Charles Dickens must have had in mind just such a place as this when he penned his "Old Curiosity Shop."

The articles placed on sale by the Salvationists represent the gleanings from the waste and refuse collected from the homes of the city daily by five wagons and two trucks.

In the shop may be found almost anything under the sun, from darning needles to the makings of a dwelling. Women's hats and furberies of ancient vintage, shoes, clothing, books, galore, tools and a smiling lassie to sell the stuff for "sweet charity's sake."

Recently I have observed Members of Congress stop at the book stall in front of the shop and thumb over the ancient volumes exposed there.

Is a Living Encyclopedia. Capt DELOS W. THAYER, 225 John Marshall Place, is a veritable walking, breathing encyclopedia. He is an officer and lecturer and has a high rating in several organizations, including the Masonic fraternity. He has established a filing system whereby he has in his office for instantaneous ready reference newspaper clippings and other data bearing of big events and the anniversary dates of men and historical occurrences.

He has prepared a large typewritten volume in diary form of his trip through Germany and other countries just before the war began. The book is illustrated with photographs taken by the captain on his interesting journeyings in the Old World.

Beat the Other Fellows to It. While the officers of at least two semi-military organizations whose membership is composed of veteran soldiers have been planning to have their national headquarters established in this city, I observed yesterday while passing along a street, that an association of enlisted men had beat the other fellows to it, to employ the 1919 vernacular.

Over the big building at the southwest corner of Eighth and F streets northwest is a large signboard on which is lettered this legend: "National Headquarters, Private Soldiers and Sailors Legion."

In their offices on the third floor I found a force of clerks and officials of the society in khaki, sending out literature to men who had hoped to scatter the sunshine of democracy to the four corners of the world.

"We expect to have a membership of a million men in a year," a bright-eyed soldier said. "And two million the second year," said a smiling gob.

Lawyers Hold Indignation Meeting.

A bunch of lawyers stood in the roadway at Fifth and D streets northwest, yesterday afternoon, and spoke some indignant "pieces" anent the "rottenness of the service of the W. R. & E. Co." The attorneys had been waiting for a westbound car.

It was 3:15 p. m., and they had been there some time when I came along. Finally car 703 hove in sight and the men of the law signaled for it to stop. But the motorman failed to heed the signal or to note the impatient waiters, and 703 whizzed by like a missile from some giant gun.

Next came car No. 638, and the lawyers made a series of violent signals for the car to leave to. But, like No. 703, it went by with a rush, leaving a volume of disturbed atmosphere and a collection of enraged lawyers in its wake.

After a further wait, another car loomed up on the eastern horizon, and the men of the law, employing a line of verbiage that would mean contempt of court if uttered in a temple of justice, waved their hands, hats, canes and umbrellas violently at the oncoming motorman. This fellow must have been frightened by the roadway demonstration, as he applied the air with suddenness, and the car came to a stop.

"This is a h— of a note," a big and dignified appearing barrister said to the conductor.

"What?" the innocent conductor replied.

"This blanked road you are working for and—"

I lost the remainder of the sentence as the car sped along Fifth street.

First Crank of the Session.

The first crank to visit the Capitol since Congress has been in special session was encountered by J. HARVEY WOODSON in the Hall of Fountains yesterday. He was engaged in an earnest address to the statue of Sequoyia, the Indian chief, which was contributed to the hall by the State of Oklahoma.

"Unlike the average 'nut,'" Mr. WOODSON said, "he did not present a frowsy and generally disreputable appearance, but was well clad, but he